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Mrs. Willing's Busy Day

By Ida Helm Beatty

Mrs. Willing's Busy Day

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TO

THE LADIES COMPRISING THE CAST

Who helped to make this little comedy a success, to the memories of pleasant times spent together, and the various good causes, to which this playlet has enabled us to add "Our Bit"

I. H. B.

MAR 29 1918 ©CLD 49218
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no 1

OVERTURE TO THE SOCIAL TEN

By the Trinity Hairmonic Society.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

(Play through first on combs.)

Should Social Tens be all forgot,
And good times left behind,
Should Social Tens be all forgot,
It would be most unkind.

Chorus.

For Social Tens have cheered us up,
And made our hearts feel glad,
We'll ne'er forget in days to come,
The good times we have had.

In this old church we now can meet,
Our friends, yet once again,
So here we sing this song for you,
In praise of the Social Ten.—Cho.

The Franklin ladies we have heard,
Can sing their praises too,
And that is why we come tonight,
And give this play for you.—Cho.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Willing.....Mrs. E. C. Beatty

John Willing.....Mrs. Emma Philp

Dignity Willing, High School Girl..Mrs. R. N. Hutchinson

The Twins

Hazard Willing.....Mrs. A. E. Chadderton

Haphazard Willing.....Mrs. Joseph Metz

The Neighbors

Mrs. Borrow.....Mrs. A. N. Johnson

Miss Sentitive.....Mrs. J. E. Thurston

Mrs. Gossip.....Mrs. E. A. Whipple

Miss Exclusive.....Mrs. Wm. Edwards, Jr.

Mrs. Mullaley, A Wash Woman.....Mrs. H. G. McKnight

Miss Persuader.....Mrs. Mary J. Unger

MRS. WILLING'S BUSY DAY

Scene—Morning in Mrs. Willing's Kitchen.

Enter Mrs. Willing, carrying pans, spoons, etc., for baking. Sits down as if fatigued.

"At last—they are all gone. It really seems some mornings, as though I never would get through."

"There is John—good natured, but he gets up when he pleases, eats when he pleases, takes all the time he wants, and always has plenty of time. But I,—it is rush, rush, rush. start Dignity to school, dress the twins, give them their breakfast, and send them out to play."

(Sighs)—"Well I must commence, if I want to get that cake baked for the Social Ten, this afternoon." (Rises.)

"Where is that recipe?" (Looking through the book.)

"Cream one cup of sugar with—

Dignity come hurrying back.

"Oh Mother, may I have a quarter?"

Mrs. W.—"A quarter? Where is the quarter I gave you last week?"

Dignity—"Oh that is gone long ago."

Mrs. W.—"Well what do you want it for?"

Dignity—"Oh mother, our crowd is going to the movies, then we want to go to the ice cream parlor! Please mother, all the girls are going."

Mrs. W.—"But Dignity, these are war time and I cannot afford to give you a quarter every week."

Dignity—"Please, please, mother, I will not ask for another cent this week."

Mrs. W. gives her the money, weariedly—"Now remember, not another cent for a week."

Dignity—"Oh thank you mother. Mother why do you wear such ragged aprons? (Starts out, powdering her face).

Mrs. W.—"Dignity. I do not allow you to powder your face."

Dignty—"Oh mother, all the high school girls use powder." (Goes out).

Mrs. W.—"I suppose it would be hard for her not to go, when the other girls are going."

"Let me see—cream one cup of sugar—

Enter Dignity, much excited, and followed by the twins grinning and grimacing. "Mother I want you to make these twins behave, I'll not stand it another day. Every time I start off to school they say I am putting on airs, and—

Mrs. W. (soothingly).—"There, there, daughter, nevermind.

"— And if I choose to walk to school with Jimmy Sands, that is my affair, you've got to make them stop."

Mrs. W.—"Never mind Dignity."

Dignity—"None of the other girls are bothered with twins, and Mollie McKay says, her mother would never allow any twins to bother her."

Mrs. W.—"Never mind Dignity, they will stop it some day," (shaking her finger at the twins). "Now children, you must be kind to sister."

Dignity—"Kind, flounces out, followed by the twins mimicing her. They turn and look at their mother, faces covered with powder.

Mrs. W. (horrified)—"Where did you get that powder?"

Hazard—"On sister's dresser."

Haphazard—"We saw her putting it on her face. She does it because Jimmy Sands thinks she is pretty."

Mrs. W.—Children, childen, go and wash your faces, then go out and play, and never use powder again."

Mrs. W.—"Dear, dear. I suppose they will grow up some day." (Picks up the cook book, looks at the clock). "There nine o'clock, and nothing done, where is that rec-

ipe? I must begin that cake. I wouldn't miss the Social Ten this afternoon for anything. Cream one cup—"

Enter John—"By the way Melinda, I forgot to tell you that Catchem, of the Great Washtub Syndicate, will be in town this afternoon, and, of course, we want to land that contract."

Mrs. W.—"John, surely you do not intend to bring him here for dinner today, do you?"

John—"Well, Melinda, I fear I must. It always pays to be hospitable to him. It means dollars in our pockets."

Mrs. W.—"But John, I want to go to the Social Ten this afternoon."

John—"Surely, that will not interfere, so cook one of your nicest dinners, and wear one of your prettiest dresses." (Exit.)

Mrs. W.—"Just like a man, on my busiest day." Picks up book. "Cream one cup sugar—"

John (hurries back)—"Oh, Melinda, I forgot to tell you, but I met my old college chum and his wife last night, and I invited them here to spend the evening."

Mrs. W.—Gazes at him.

John—"I think some of that cake you are baking, with grape juice, would be very nice to serve for refreshments."

Mrs. W. (angrily)—"John Willing, I am baking this cake for the Social Ten, and if you are determined to spring your college chums, and your sisters, and your cousin and your aunts, on me, and must have refreshments, you may have crackers and cheese."

John—"Just the thing. A Welsh rarebit. Good-bye, but Melinda, do take off that ragged apron."

Mrs. W.—"Ragged apron, ragged apron. If he wasn't quite so close-fisted in his own family, I could have plenty of aprons.

Cake for his college friend. "—Oh well, I suppose I will have to bake another one. Let me see, where is

that recipe? Cream one cup of sugar, with—looks up startled. (Twins howling).

Mrs. W.—"What's that?"

Enters twins hand in hand weeping.

Mrs. W.—"Children, children, what is the matter?"

Still crying.

Mrs. W.—"Now Hazzard, stop that crying and tell me what is the matter."

Hazard—"Oh, oh, I cut my finger, I cut my finger."

Mrs. W. (soothingly)—"There, there, dear, do be quiet and mother will tie it up for you." (Does so.)

Hazard occasionally wipes her eyes. Haphazard does the same.

Mrs. W.—"There now, run out and play, mother's busy."

A wail from Haphazard. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Mrs. W.—"Why Haphazard, your finger is not hurt."

Haphazard—"I knows it, (shaking her finger and sobbing). But we's twins (sob), and you said (sob), that twins (sob,) should have everything the same."

Mrs. W.—"Dear dear, I suppose I must." (Ties up finger). "There now, run out and play."

Twins, Hazard—"Mother can't I have a cookey? I cut my finger."

Haphazard—"Let me have one too, mother."

Gives them the cookie—"There now, run out and play."

Twins go out hand in hand, smiling at each other.

Mrs. W. (despairingly)—"Why is it, whenever there is a Social Ten, and I want to go, everything seems to go contrary?"

Picks up book, reads—"Cream one cup of suger—"

Mrs. Borrow hurries in, without knocking.

Mrs. W.—"Why, good morning, Mrs. Borrow."

Mrs. Borrow—"Oh Mrs. Willing, I know you are busy, but I am going to bake a cake for the Social Ten this

afternoon and found out I was out of butter, so I came over to see if I could borrow a little from you?"

Mrs. W.—"Why yes I think so."

Mrs. Borrow—"If you have a pound, will you let me have that please, and I will send it back as soon as the grocer comes?"

Mrs. W.—"I haven't very much, but I will give you what I can."

Mrs. B.—Sam says, that I am the most forgetful woman he ever saw, but then I am so wretched all the time. Why this morning Sam had to bring me my breakfast in bed."

Starts to leave then comes back.

"Oh, Mrs. Willing, can I have a little vanilla? and there, I forgot to order sugar too. Oh thank you, I really do not know what I would do without you for a neighbor."

"That Mrs. Adams is real insulting, she said she thought a woman like me, without any children, should at least, remember to order her groceries. Well, I see you are baking a cake too, so I suppose I will see you this afternoon. Good-bye."

Oh Mrs. Willing, why do you wear such ragged aprons?"

Mrs. W. (looks after her)—"That is the third time she has borrowed butter this week, and she never returns anything, if she did, I could have plenty of new aprons." (Sighs). "Oh well."

Picks up book. "Cream one cup. Bell rings. Now who can that be?" Goes to the door.

"Why good morning, Miss Sensitive, come right in.

Enter Miss Sensitive, wearing a much overtrimmed hat.

Miss Sensitive—"How do you do, Mrs. Willing, I have been out walking, trying to see if this beautiful morning would cheer me up a little."

Mrs. W.—"Cheer you up, what is wrong?"

Miss Sensitive—"Why Mrs. Willing, I was down to see Susy last night, and you know, Susy is a sincere friend, if I ever had one, and she said that she did not like to tell me, but she thought I ought to know it, that Mary Sarcasm is a friend to my face, and an enemy behind my back."

Mrs. W.—"I would not mind anything Mary Sarcasm said, her bark is always worse than her bite."

Miss S.—"You know Mrs. Willing, it is so hard for me to get to church in time. I am nearly always late, and Mary said, if I would get up in time and start in time, I would get to church in time."

"It hurt me so, I was never so hurt in my life. I did not think that Mary Sarcasm would say anything so unkind about me. I simply could not sleep half the night, and this morning, I feel so BLUE."

Mrs W.—"Why my dear Miss Sensitive, I would not feel hurt about that, you are not the only one late to church."

Miss S.—"Yes, I know, but—Oh, I see you are baking a cake, are you expecting company?"

Mrs. W.—"Yes, John said he would bring Mr. Catchem of the Great Washtub Syndicate home to dinner, and he invited some of his college friends in this evening. But I am making this cake for the Social Ten this afternoon."

Miss S. (surprised)—"A Social Ten, this afternoon? Why I did not know anything about it."

Mrs. W.—"You didn't, why that is strange, Mrs. Jones told me about it." But then—you know, everyone is expected, the ladies want any member of the church to come and bring their friends."

Miss S.—"Well, I think if they invite some they should invite everyone, so I do."

Mrs. W.—"Oh, Miss Sensitive, everyone is invited, the ladies could not possibly call up every lady in the church."

Miss S.—"They might at least have asked me, I don't see why I should be slighted."

Mrs. W—"Oh, Miss Senstitive, everyone is invited, the ladies are only too glad to have a large crowd, won't you come over and go with me this afternoon?"

Miss S. (indignantly)—"Most certainly not, it seems as though I am always slighted."

Twins rush in—"Mother, mother, Johnny Jones is throwing stones at us."

Mrs. W.—"Children, children, Johnny is such a good little boy. Now what were you doing?"

Haphazard—"We wasn't doing nothin, we just had some teeny, weeny little stones, Happy and me, and one hit Johnny on the nose."

Hazard—"His nose bleeded, and he was mad, he was—we was just a throwin' at a tree."

Mrs. W.—"Children, children, you must be more careful. Now run out and play. Don't you see I am talking to Miss Sensitive?"

Twins—"We'll just go out and tell Johnny Jones, that you said if he didn't stop throwin' stones at us you are going to tell his mother."

Mrs. W.—"Here, here, children, I said nothing of the sort."

Twins (going to the door)—"Now, Johnny Jones, Mother said if you didn't stop throwing stones—"

Miss S. (aside)—"And to think I might have married John Willing."

Mrs. W.—"Oh Miss Sensitive, if you had those twins, you would know what trouble really was."

A knock at the door. Enter Mrs. Mullaly, carrying a basket of clothes.

Mrs. W.—"Please excuse me a moment, Miss Sensitive. Oh Mrs. Mullaley, is this you? Come in (turning to Miss Sensitive), "But of course you are going. This—(Miss S. shaking her head indignantly)—Most cer—

Mrs. W.—"Oh, Miss Sensitive (admiringly)—where did you get that beautiful new hat?"

Miss S. (smilingly)—"This is one my brother sent me from New York. He said it was a Paris hat, but I thought it looked so plain, I took the trimming from three others, and trimmed it, and now,—I think it is so pretty. I like it ever so much. I am sure Miss Stone does not have anything to equal it in her hat shop."

Mrs. W.—"I am sure of that Miss Sensitive. I have never seen anything like it there, myself."

Miss S.—"I trimmed Mrs. Mullaley's, too."

Mrs. W.—"You did? Well, yours is a dream and Mrs. Mullaley's is a work of art, you certainly are a genius, Miss Sensitive."

Miss S. (smirking)—"Yes, I think I am, but Mrs. Willing, why do you wear such ragged aprons? I—ahem—I do not think John can like it very well, he is so fastidious. He always used to admire my dainty white aprons so much, when he went with me."

Mrs. W.—"Well. I am sure."

Miss S. (simperingly)—"I do not suppose I should mention it, now, but, but, John always said he thought I looked like a sweet little rose bud, in that pink crepe dress of mine, and with a dainty white apron, I was simply adorable."

Mrs. W.—"Well all I can say is that all men have to be foolish at least once, in their lives,—but I wish you would go with me this afternoon."

Miss S.—"Most certainly not, I know when I am wanted, and when I am not. (Tosses her head and goes out with a most offended air.)

Mrs. W. (shaking her head)—"What a pity, what a pity. Strange how sensitive some people are over what is said about them, but little they care about what they say themselves."

(Sarcastically) "A SWEET LITTLE ROSEBUD." Humph.

Mrs. Mullaley—"Sure, Mrs. Willing, and 'tis mesilf has seen mony a one, with sich tinder falins, they do be foriver gittin' hurt, some good hard whacks, be the best kind of raisonin' with sich folks, I'm thinkin'. Niver a bit o' blarneyin', wull do thim the laste good."

Mrs. W.—"Mrs. Mullaley, I think you are right, a few real hard knocks will be the best kind of medicine."

"But, Mrs. Mullaley, I thought I noticed you limping as you came in, what has happened?"

Mrs. Mullaley—"Sure, and ye may well ask, Mrs. Wiling, tiz a marcy yē iver git yir wash at all, at all."

Mrs. W.—"Why, what did you do, Mrs. Mullaley?"

Mrs. Mul.—"Sure and I wuz passin' of the Chamber of Commerce wid de wash, whin what should I do but be a slippin' on a bannany palin, and sure but it is me fut is twisted entirely."

Mrs. W.—"Oh, Mrs. Mullaley, and are you badly hurt."

Mrs. Mul.—"Faix, and be the powers thot be, I am thot same."

Mrs. W.—"Was there any one there to help you."

Mrs. Mul.—"There wuz, Mrs. Willin'. Whin mesif and the wash was a sprawlin' there on the pavement, twuz the foinest gintlemon, who iver sang Killarney, coom rushin' over forninst me, and sez, he, 'Is it hurt ye air, Mrs. Mullaley, and sez I, 'This mesilf is kilt entirely. (Let me see, it wuz Mr. Mr. O'Dandy) and with thot he tipped his silk hat, as perlite as a goose on a hot griddle, and says, he, will ye allow me to assist ye to arise?' and sez I in me most magnolious manner, 'Tis mesilf will be grateful til yez foriver. Och hone, och hone, tiz a marcy I am living the day."

Mrs. W.—Oh Mrs. Mullaley, I am so sorry, can't I make you a cup of tea? it may make you feel better."

Mrs. Mul.—"Oi thank ye koindly, Mrs. Willin', but tiz me ould mon Pat, will be a bangin round with the shil-

lalah, if dinner is not on the table on the sthroke av twilve."

Mrs. W.—"Oh, Mrs. Mullaley, I wish you would sit down and rest awhile, I am sure you have plenty of time."

Mrs. Mul.—"Thank ye agin koindly, mum, but I did be a lavin' the cabbage and praties a boilin' in the pot, and tiz mesilf must be a gettin' home."

Mrs. W.—"I do hope, Mrs. Mullaley, that your foot will not trouble you very long."

Mrs. Mul.—"Thanks til yez, Mrs. Willin', but I must be agoin'."

Mrs. W.—"Here is your basket, good-bye."

"Poor soul, she has trouble enough."

"Will I ever get that cake baked? Cream one cup sugar, with." (A knock at the door, Mrs. Gossip opens it and says:

"Are you busy, Mrs. Willing?"

Mrs. W.—"Oh, No, Mrs. Gossip, of course not, come in."

Mrs. Gossip comes in all out of breath.

"Oh, Mrs. Willing, you always seem to have so much time, I can scarcely find time to breathe. I have so much to do."

Mrs. W.—"Yes, I know, I really am surprised to see you out so early this morning."

Mrs. Gos.—"I hurried over just as soon as I finished the dishes, I know you are such good friends of the Boneses, and I think you ought to know it."

Mrs. W.—"Why, Mrs. Gossip, surely there can't—"

Mrs. Gos.—"Yes, indeed. Mrs. Willin'. Do you know that last night I was a settin' by my winder, lookin' out,—I never light my lamp, for I feel more secluded like, when I have no light in my room. Well, as I was a sayin', I sat there a lookin' out, when who should I spy but that young man a boardin' with the Boneses and who do you think had a hold of his arm?"

Mrs. W.—"Why, why, I really could not say, Mrs. Gossip?"

Mrs. Gos.—"Well, it was nobody but Mrs. Bones herself, and they stood outside my window as long as five minutes. It was as much as I could do to set still."

Mrs. W.—"Oh, Mrs. Gossip, I am sure you are mistaken, and if it was Mrs. Bones, I am positive they were settling the board bill, or something like that."

Mrs. Gos.—"No, indeed, for I heard him say, Mary dear, I am so glad you are here with me. Now what do you think of that?"

Mrs. W. (laughing)—"I knew you were mistaken. Mrs. Bones' name is Annie. That must have been his sister Mary, Mrs. Bones told me herself, his sister was coming here to keep house for him."

Mrs. Gos.—"Well, maybe so, but I think them Boneses are queer people anyway, they pretend to be so much. and Mrs. Bones cuts Mr. Bones' hair, 'stid 'o havin' a regular barber do it."

Mrs. W.—"No, no, that is not so, she cuts the children's hair, but we all do that, that's nothing."

Mrs. Gossip, silent for a while, then—"This is a beautiful morning, ain't it? Oh, Mrs. Willin', are you baking a cake, I thought you baked one yesterday?"

Mrs. W.—"Yes, I did, but this one is for the Social Ten this afternoon."

Mrs. G.—"Social Ten, hum. I don't believe I will go. They say them Home Missionary women go to the picture shows. Yes, and some of them even belong to clubs.

"I know of at least seven women in this town who belong to a club and they will not allow any one to join them, and they won't have any visitors either. Why, Mrs. O'Dell, who lives right beside me, she never asked me. No, indeed, I'll not go to none of their Social Tens." (Loftily.)

Mrs. W.—"Why, Mrs. Gossip, you surprise me."

Mrs. Gos.—"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Willin'. I ain't mentioned no names, but I know who they are."

Mrs. W.—"Oh, Mrs. Gossip, the movies are bad enough, but the clubs are worse. Why only think of it, the club fever may spread through the whole church, the women will be organizing the F. F. U.'s, the Freckled Faced Union, and the husbands and sons, will start an, an O. G. K., Order of the Galloping Kangaroo, or some other outlandish name. It should be stopped at once. But, Mrs. Gossip, I hope you will not mention it or some of the club ladies will be offended. One has to be so careful about what she says."

Mrs. Gos.—"Oh no, I'll not say anything. I never carry any news. Oh, Mrs. Willin', did you hear that our pastor, Brother Squires, was terribly put out about them Home Missionary women, who had the last Social Ten. He was positively shocked, to think that any women in his congregation would dare to have a show in the church. A show—mind you, and I know what I thought of it."

(Meanwhile the Twins have come in and are much interested in what Mrs. Gossip is saying.)

Hazzard—"Mother, what did Dad mean this morning, when he said Mrs. Gossip was an old trouble maker?"

Mrs. W.—"Why Hazard Willing—"

Haphazard—"Yes he did, yes he did."

Mrs. Gossip (jumps up)—"Well, I must say."

Mrs. W. (distressed)—"Now you children go right out and play, what are you doing in here anyway? Oh, Mrs. Gissip, never mind the twins, they really are not responsible. They do not mean anything."

Mrs. Gossip (tearfully)—"Yes they do, Melinda Willin'. I'll not come here again in a hurry, and as for John Willin'—(goes out weeping).

Mrs. W.—Sits down and wipes her eyes.

"This has been a hard morning, and now that woman will say all the mean things she can about us."

(Brightens up). "Well for once she heard the truth about herself."

"Such a morning. Well,—Cream one cup of sugar with—"

(Telephone rings). Goes to phone. "Yes, this is Melinda." Oh surely not." Oh John, can't you take her to the hotel, you know I want to go to the Social Ten this afternoon,"—"Your mother is opposed to them, she says they are foolish, frivolous and what not.

"Oh, John, do take her to Mary, she is back home. You do not need to bring her here this time. She can go to her daughter's for once.

"I mean it. (I'm not going to be imposed upon all the time.")

"Will I ever get this cake baked?" Cream one cup—

A ring at the bell.

Mrs. W.—"This is getting beyond endurance." Goes to the door.

Agent, Miss Persuader.

"Is the lady of the house in?"

Mrs. W.—"Well A—Ah—yes, but she is very busy."

Agent—"Am I speaking to Mrs. Willing?"

Your neighbor, Mrs. Simpkins, up the street, wanted me to be sure and see you. I have something here I am sure you will want, and Mrs. Simpkins was so anxious for you to try it."

Mrs. W.—"I really have no time this morning. I am so very busy."

Agent—"I will only take a minute of your time, and I am sure you will never regret it."

Opens her box,—"I have here some splendid articles."

"Have you any children? Yes? Now this is a nerve stimulant. If you feel they are a little too quiet, just make a tea of this, and you will find it will liven them up wonderfully."

Mrs. W.—"My children do not need any of that, they are too much stimulated all the time."

Agent—"Very unusual I am sure, but if that is the case, this depressent will correct too much exuberance in a child. It is the aim of every up to date mother, to keep her children in a normal state, at all times, so that they may grow up to be a power in the community."

Mrs. W.—"Well, I am sure, I do not wish anything today. My family is normal enough to suit me."

Agent—"Oh, my dear lady, surely you want something. How about this mending tissue?

Mrs. W.—"I have a good supply of that."

Agent—I have a little of everything, for instance, this wrinkle eradicator. (Mrs. W. glares.) Of course I do not mean that you have any wrinkles, but this is a preventitive."

Mrs. W.—"I do not believe in using anything of the kind."

Agent—"I wonder if you would not like some of my extracts. I see that you are baking a cake?"

Mrs. W.—"Oh, no, I have everything I need."

Agent—"But see here, holding up a bottle, I wish you would try some of this Milk of Human Kindness. It makes a cake so light and delicious."

Mrs. W.—"No, No," (shaking her head.)

Agent—"Now, I know this Spiteful Extract will help you—" It will add a decided flavor to your cake.

Mrs. W.—"No, no. I really must ask you to excuse me today, for this is my busy day."

Agent—"Well, of course, I do not wish to intrude. I can call again. Good morning."

Mrs. W.—"I must hurry with this cake."

A ring at the bell. "Who can that possibly be?"

Enter Miss Exclusive.

"Good morning Mrs. Willing."

"Good morning Miss Exclusive. This is a delightful morning for a walk, isn't it?"

Miss Ex.—"Yes, indeed, I much prefer to walk and

do my shopping in the morning. I am not jostled by so many rude people."

Mrs. W.—"Yes, I think it is much better myself."

Miss Ex.—"Mrs. Willing, I just stopped to tell you, that as I passed the church a few minutes ago, I noticed a commotion, and heard some of the ladies scolding like everything."

Mrs. W.—"Why was that Miss Exclusive?"

Miss Ex.—"Well, it seemed that your twins went into the church and helped themselves to the cake."

Mrs. W. (distressed)—"Oh, Miss Exclusive, I hope not. Why they were here only a short time ago, and I gave them some cookies."

Miss Ex.—"Well, I saw the ladies driving them out of the church, and heard them tell the twins what would happen if they dared to show their faces there again."

Mrs. W. (distracted)—"Oh, what shall I do. What shall I do?"

Miss Ex.—"Well, if they were mine, I would give them such a thrashing that they would be good for a day at least."

"You know the Scriptures say, Spare the rod and spoil the child. At least, I think, it is Scripture."

"But what are you having down there?"

Mrs. W.—"We are having a Social Ten this afternoon. Oh, Miss Exclusive, I do wish you would go with me today, we have such nice sociable times."

Miss Ex.—"I would be glad to accept your invitation, if they were not so common. I really do not think I could enjoy myself at a place where the ladies were not properly gowned. Why, I have noticed that most of the ladies wear only a shirt waist and skirt. Horrors."

Mrs. W.—"Why, my dear Miss Exclusive, that is just what we want. We would not have it formal for anything."

Miss Ex.—"And then I would not feel at home, where they serve only tea and wafers, coffee and cake or something similar."

"Why when I go out in the afternoon, my friends serve delicious refreshments.

Mrs. W.—"Oh, my dear Miss Exclusive, we do not have the Social Tens for either style or display. We only want to earn a little money and give the church ladies a chance to get acquainted."

"I do wish you would only go with me this afternoon and see how nice they are."

Miss Ex.—"I thank you, but I really fear they would not be congenial. I must hurry home. Shall I send the twins home?"

Mrs. W.—"I wish you would, Miss Exclusive. Good morning."

Miss Ex.—"Good morning, Mrs. Willing."

Mrs. W. (drops on a chair)—"This is the last straw. Twins come in followed by the rest of the cast.

When they see their mother, their hurriedly secrete a piece of cake.

Mrs. W.—"Children, what were you doing down at the church?"

Twins—"We didn't take any cake. We didn't take any cake."

Family come in and stand together in line with neighbors.

Mrs. Gos.—"Did Mrs. Willing bake her cake in time?"

Family—"Oh, yes she did."

Neighbors looking at each other and nodding their heads.

"Oh, don't you think that's fine?"

Family—"We certainy agree."

Neighbors—"Poor woman,—what a day."

Family—"Oh, yes, indeed."

Neighbors—"It would fill me with dismay."

Family—"No, never, never."

Neighbors—"Now let us pass the hat."

Family—"Oh, please do."

Neighbors—"For dimes and quarters, and all that."
Family—"And so will we."
All—"We sure will do our best, and then,
We'll all be happy at this Social Ten."
Exit to tune of Auld Lang Syne.

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